

The World.

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THE OBSTRUCTIVE ALDERMEN.

If we view Alderman McCall in the light which he regards as most becoming we must look upon him for his action with respect to the tunnel franchise yesterday as a deputy Leonidas at the pass holding the city momentarily safe, in Cantor's absence, from the invasions of the hordes of Persians from Pennsylvania. The lieutenant hero of an aldermanic Alamo performing deeds of noble daring in behalf of his threatened city. Unfortunately the city rather likes the idea of being invaded. It regards all these Leonidas as objectionable obstructors holding up a great industrial project for the whim of a fancied championship of those most likely to benefit by it.

McCall said yesterday, in the course of the debate: I hope that before the members of this board decide how they will vote on the franchise they will consult their constituents. I do not want any of you to vote on this until you know how the people in your district feel. Don't do as the press and many men are trying to compel you to do, blindly support this measure, but ask your friends and those who elected you how they would have you vote. You will have to answer to them next fall, and these are the people who make up New York and who should determine public questions.

These "people who make up New York" will ask some pointed questions next fall of aldermen who oppose the franchise so obstinately. If the New York Central loses a few passenger fares it is not their concern. They have nothing to lose but everything to gain by the tunnel project, and they want it passed.

AN OUTWORN OFFICER.

A concerted effort is to be made in the Legislature this winter to abolish the Coroner in New York City. The movement has been instituted by the State Medical Association and it will probably be endorsed by the County Medical Society next Monday. The object is to divide the present duties of the Coroner between the President of the Board of Health and the Magistrates. This is an adaptation of the Massachusetts plan, in successful use for some years.

It will take a very persistent effort to oust the Coroner, and if he goes we shall part with him with the regret which one feels at the passing of any time-honored institution. The Coroner is a link binding us to the past, a picturesque survival. His wise saws and modern instances carry us back to the Elizabethan era. We get glimpses of Dogberry in his law and of Falstaff in his general demeanor. We see him as Shakespeare saw him vested in a little brief authority and swaggering on the stage, a full figure of self-importance, at once exasperating and enlivening.

The authority that was formerly the Coroner's as the "crown's officer" is gone and only the shadow remains. His impotence impedes the administration of justice, a fact of which we had a striking example at the time of the subway explosion. He is an anomaly and an anachronism and should go.

A FEW BRAINS.

Within a comparatively short space of time Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Prof. Goldwin Smith have bequeathed their brains to Cornell University. Mrs. Stanton is quoted as saying that she did not believe it right that sciences should use as material for their researches the brains of criminals only. It is to be feared, however, that the difference between vice and virtue must confine its physiological manifestation to the size of the human brain—it is certainly not exhibited in the weight of the human brain. For instance, taking a few cases at random we find that (the average weight of a man's brain being 49½ ounces avoirdupois) a certain celebrated philologist's weighed 47.90 ounces, and an equally famous mineralogist's weighed but 43.24 ounces. To both these men must be conceded at least an average degree of virtue. But when we come to murderers we find a gentleman by the name of Ruloff and another less distinguished criminal whose brains tipped the scales respectively at 59.00 ounces and 53.12 ounces. Nor is the difference between intellect and its lack indicated in the brain's weight. For Daniel Webster's brain registered the goodly weight of 53.50 ounces. But along comes a congenial epileptic idiot and just a plain ordinary idiot who can proudly claim for their brains respectively 60.00 ounces and 64.95 ounces.

However, it is possible that virtue and intellect may make up in quality what they lack in quantity and so enjoy a cerebral vindication.

OUR ABUNDANCE IN SCARCITIES.

We are at the present time enjoying a notable abundance of scarcities due entirely, it is understood, to prosperity. A few of our scarcities are:

1. A scarcity of coal, due to the prosperity of the coal strike.
2. A scarcity of beef, due to the prosperity of the Beef Trust.
3. A scarcity of happy marriages, due to the prosperity of the divorce courts.
4. A scarcity of effective raids, due to the prosperity of the gamblers.
5. A scarcity of plays, due to the prosperity of "productions."
6. A scarcity of statesmen, due to the prosperity of politicians.
7. A scarcity of coffins, due to the prosperity of Christian Science, together with so many more scarcities, due to so many more prosperities, that it would be wearisome to continue mentioning them. All this, however, only leads up to the lesson that we should not repine at our scarcities, but rejoice at the prosperity which creates them.

PARLOR MATCH PERILS.

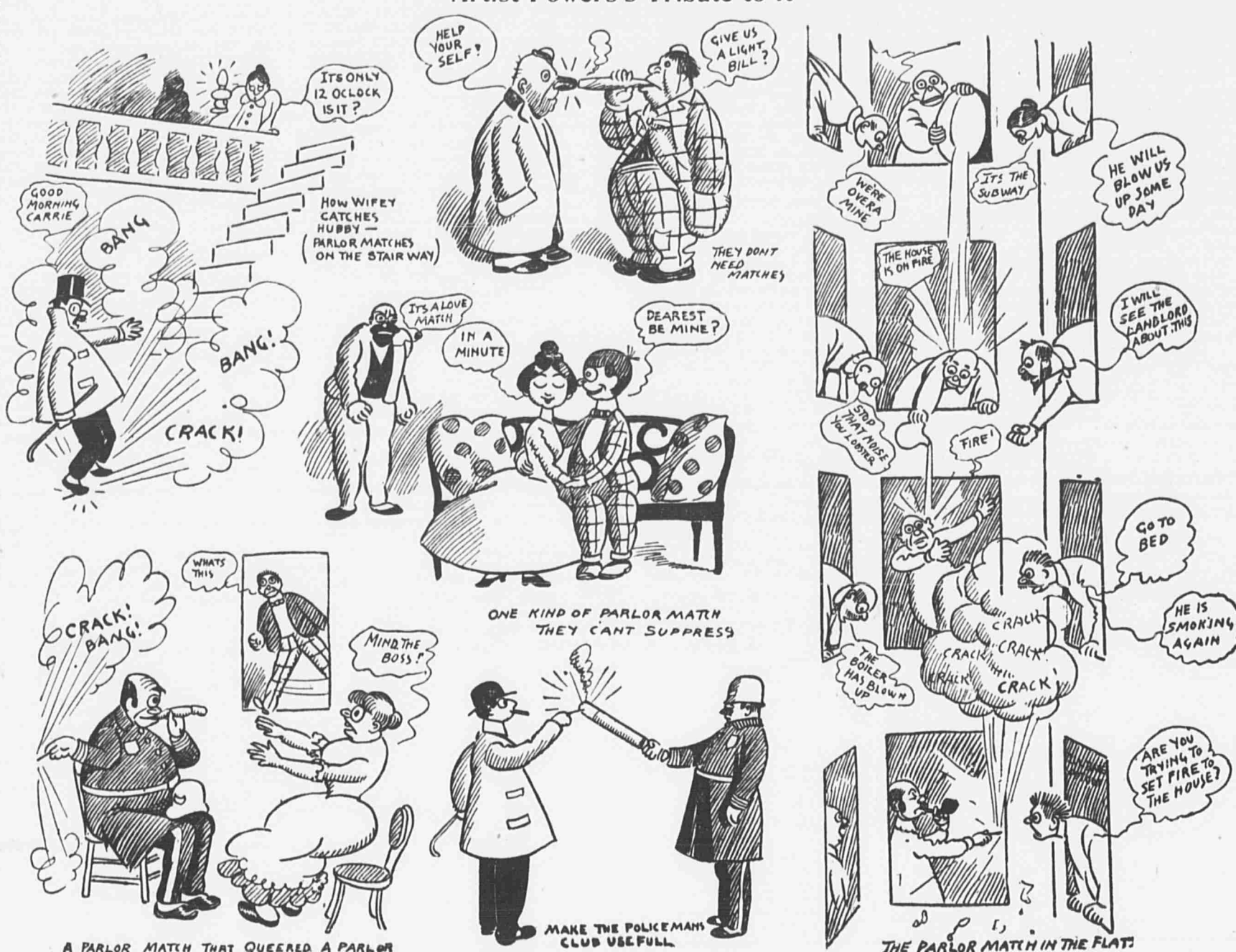
"Pins," wrote the schoolboy essayist, "saves the lives of people by their not swallowing them." Fire Commissioner Stungis adopts a similar line of reasoning with regard to parlor matches and fires. His war against the explosive match is being pushed with vigor. And if its use is permitted in New York after Jan. 1 it will be in opposition to his protests.

Fire insurance presidents interviewed on the question were at a loss to understand the animus against the parlor match. "It doesn't interest us in the least," said one; and another said: "It is relatively a thing of small importance. So far as I know none of the insurance companies cares greatly; they form so very small a part of the fire losses that we have never bothered about the matter."

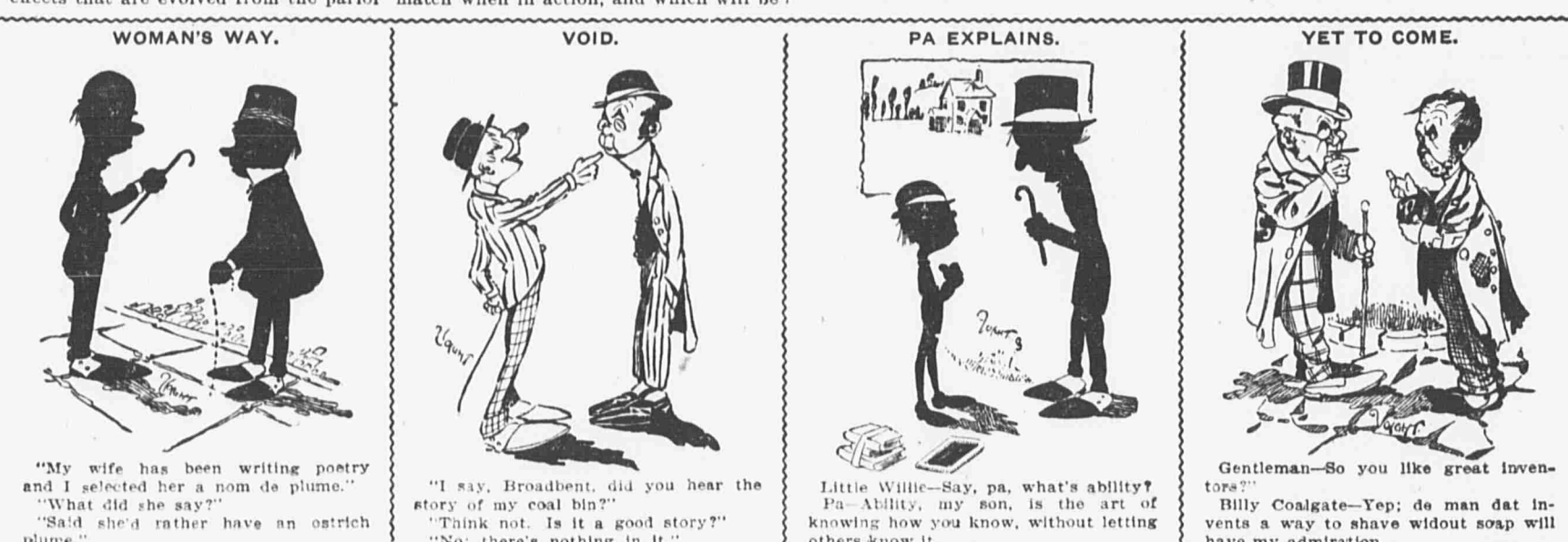
Stungis is apparently left a lone paladin in his fight against the parlor match with few wishing him the advantages of the safety match for household use. The advantages of the safety match for household use are obvious, but the goodly company of smokers who prefer the explosive variety, ignitable anywhere,

THE LAST SPLUTTERS OF THE PARLOR MATCH.

Artist Powers's Tribute to It.



If you have parlor matches to scratch on a friend's best furniture or anywhere else, prepare to scratch them now, for after Jan. 1 it may be against the law to use them. Mr. Powers in his picture shows some of the fire-crackery effects that are evolved from the parlor match when in action, and which will be missed when the safety match is the only Promethean makeshift on the market. The one parlor match that will be left pining alone, and whose perennality the law cannot disturb, is also included in the artist's collection.



THE BEST LOVE-LETTERS NEW YORKERS CAN WRITE.

THESE are some of the letters received in reply to The Evening World's offer of \$20 for the best love-letter of 100 words, \$10 for the next best and \$5 for the third best. They are printed only as examples of the effort of competitors and not as prize winners. The contest will continue until next Saturday and the winners will be announced a day or two after it closes. All communications must be addressed to "Love-Letter Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1,554, New York City."

"Till To-Morrow—An Revolt!"
My Adorable Little Girl—Yesterday! Oh what a glorious day. You must have seen my happiness when I read your answer in your eyes. Those eyes! When they smile at me I feel so infinitely happy. Darling—I see you now—I can see your sweet, trim figure dancing with the sunbeams, and I can hear your happy girlish laugh dispelling any threatened gloom. How eagerly I yearn for to-morrow—with you. The memory of your last sweet smile will help me bear the ennui till I see you again. Till to-morrow, sweetheart, au revoir, Your
GEORGE.

A Deathless Love.
Oh, my darling, my own, can I never thrust aside the cruel obstacles that separate us? All through the still dark night I count the hours until the morning, which may, by your grace, bring me a whole world of joy. My love for you is greater far than life itself. And even after death steals in between us 'till burn on still like the pure bright morning star, that shineth yet, even after dawn has strewn the sky with roses, and burning, still unseen by earth, 'twill light my path to Heaven. Forever yours,
J. OLLIE COLLINS.

"A New Language."
Dearest—I miss you every hour. You have entwined yourself so completely about my heart I don't know how I ever lived without you. I love you with all the power of my mind, all the capacity of my heart, all the fervor of my soul. I love and adore you. Such words cannot express my feelings. It would require a new language and faculty combined to tell my love. You have seen it in the glances of my eyes; it is

in the throbbings of my heart, with a rapture that breathes only of heaven.
A. D.

"Dearest than All the World."
My Dearest Love—It seems 'tis not enough that I tell you what is in my heart, but my love must needs desire that I shall write the words. My king, my own, I love you! Dearest to me you are than all the world, ay, than life itself. Must I write what moments of bliss are those with your strong arms enfolding me, my head upon your breast; of the rapture that entralls me when your dear eyes look into mine, our lips pressed close in one long, lingering kiss? May this suffice, my love, that I am yours entirely. CARIE.

A Business Man's Letter.
My Dear Helen—If there is one thing which can console me for my unavoidable absence from your side it is the pleasure of being able to pen a few lines to express, however feebly, my continued and increasing affection for you. It is, indeed, a painful and irksome change from our rambles about the fields, our evening duets and our stolen conversations, to a dull routine of mercantile accounts and the never-ending confusion of business. Happily, however, my affairs are in a rapid state of settlement, and I shall soon hope once more to bask in the sunshine of my Helen's sweet countenance. God bless you, my dearest Helen, and believe me, with most respectful and affectionate remembrances to your parents and all friends, your ever affectionate and devoted
H.

"The Sol of Silence."
Dear Fanny—Love's emotions strive in vain to break through the sod of silence. Away from you my mind treasures up jewels of my heart's expressions, which, when I am with you, fly away as swallows do at man's approach. Does small love speak and great love stand mute and astonished? Waking dreams of you is the spur that "gives the victory to me," and when we are together our little, foolish word-dream is the balm that heals all world-blows and disappointment. Ever your
JACK.

"Sad and Lonely."
Dearest Arthur—Since you have left I

feel very sad and lonely, but knowing you will soon return I try to be cheerful. Your stately form and noble face I will not forget, darling, and please do not forget me. It seems like a long age of continual work and hardship when you are not here. Those little flowers you gave me before you left have all withered and died, and it seems to haunt me that your love will do the same. But I pray not, dearest. Now write me a long letter, as I can say no more. With love sincere, I remain your
"LITTLE RUBY."

A Changed World.
My Heart's Desire—Since I have won you the world seems changed; and, darling, how I long for the time when I can claim you for my own! How bright the future years will be with your love and help! For you are queen of my heart. Such love as ours is not for a year; it is sweetheart! But to live forever! My arm shall ever be ready to protect you and in return I ask from you the true love of a wife and lifelong comrade. Yours till death's parting.
ERNEST.

Cupid's Victim.
My Darling—Since little Cupid has pierced me with one of his many golden arrows, the world that was so cold and desolate seems now transformed into a paradise. My guiding star, my life, my hope, my all, whether you are in the cold, icy clime of the North or amid the soft, balmy breezes of the South, my thoughts are always with you. Ah! my darling, it is useless for me to try to explain my feelings, when everything can be summed up in just three little words—I love you.
J. C.

"The Only Thought."
Clara, my sweetest thought; my only thought that gives me perfect happiness! My love for you is so deep, so changeless, it asks for no return, it demands no recognition. It will exist through life and through eternity. So perfect are you, so far above the rest of women, so beautiful in character, so womanly in bearing, and of such noble mind in mind and body, that I, in loving, think only of your happiness. Although your thoughts might be for another, still would I be content. The

grave shall not part us, for in spirit we will go on and on, diffusing love and radiance, our souls holding but the sweetest thought of love.
HARRY.

To Alice.
My Dearest Alice—I am so lonesome without you, my darling! I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, sweet one. You are all that is very dear to me on earth. My thoughts are of you. You are always first in my thoughts. I pray for the happy time to come soon when you and I shall be united, never to part again. Now, believe me, darling, your affectionate
JACK.

A "Last Letter."
This will be my last letter to you, Zillah, during my earthly pilgrimage; and, as words are inadequate to express my thoughts, I will go over the old, familiar grounds with your permission. And what is the most familiar ground? 'Tis the forest road, where you and I first met. There, the clear gaze of your Madonna-like eyes told me I had met my love, my queen. 'Twas there I have sought for you and questioned you, but the answer can only be in the "Great Beyond," where no barriers can divide us, my Madonna's hand and mine being clasped for eternity. Your devoted
JEAN.

Longs for Wings.
My Darling Loved One—It is with a heart burning with love for you that I try to tell you how I feel toward you. I dream of you night and day and long for the time I may take you in my arms, look into your pure blue eyes and call you mine. Sweetheart, Kate, the time seems so long when I am not with you that I often wish I had wings to fly to you. Darling, if I thought for a moment you were untrue, I should die! With love from
DAN.

Each Month an Age.
My Darling—Your sweet face and pleading eyes haunt me. No matter what I do nor where I am, your vision is constantly before me. Ah, dearest, with what pleasure do I look forward to the day that will see us one! When I shall clasp you to my breast and call you wife! How impatient I am for the day to arrive! Think of the long, happy waiting in joy for us, crowned with love. It is a month since I saw you last, yet it seems like an age to me.
S. M.

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

The Presidential bear-hunt has thus far proved un-bear-able.

"Thirty-five thousand dollars for ring-side boxes at the Garden" is strangely reminiscent of the Horton law era.

Three separate cliques on Morgan kept an eye on him, although to leave he'd urge them.

The only wonder is he didn't try to seize that opportunity to merge them.

"I am a Theodore Roosevelt, only that I am twenty years older," observes Addicks. What a wondrous transformation two brief decades may make in a man!

Police Sergeant—I'm to be made a captain next month.
His Wife—Oh, honestly?
Police Sergeant—Well, they can't prove it ain't.

Ralph Doughty suffers from a chronic form of the confession habit.

One week in fifty-two
The horse with ribbons blue
Is still in clover.
But the auto's cheery din
In the long run must win
In a "run-over."

"Burbie, I never saw you looking so glaucous. Why don't you ask some doctor what ails you?"
"Because I know, what ails me. It's quick consumption!"

"Yes—having to bolt my breakfast in two gulps and hurry to catch the train for downtown."—Chicago Tribune.

Even now that its two weeks of grace have some time since expired, the soft-col nulance hasn't materially softened.

For denouncing the gray stockings of the ladies in his church
A Brooklyn preacher finds himself left sadly in the lurch.

Now that this drastic punishment has put him through the mill,
He'll likely let folks "clothe" their understandings as they will.

"I'm going to the masquerade as 'Eve's Fair Daughter.'"
"You ought to look the part. Eve's daughter couldn't have been over 6,000 years old if she'd lived."

There is a young man from Poughkeepsie
Who often comes home rather tipsy,
Where to fit in the key
He never can say,
So he has to camp out like a geespie.

"Why do you say my faith cure for insomnia is no good?"
"Because every time I try it I fall

asleep before I can get my mind concentrated on it."

The new waterproof pockets at length make possible Mother Goose's predictions concerning "A Pocketful of Rye."

The days of the dying year and of the turkey alike are numbered.

Hanover—I never see you at work nowadays, Miller?
Miller—No, I was thrown out of employment when the fashion of coloring meerschaums went out.—Boston Transcript.

Think of the chances the Sultan of Johore's visit in 1904 will give to the same verse writer: "Johore," "nineteen-four," "America's shore," and "he'll go back no more," are only a few of the rhymes which will contribute to the idiosyncrasy of nations.

"You greeted that man as if he were an important personage."
"He's my rich uncle."
"Ah, I see. A case of relative importance."

"Now, children, what did the boy do on the burning deck?"
"Please, ma'am, he stood pat."

Tammany men who may suffer from Mayor Low's proposed changes in the civil service laws will probably regard the Mayor's act as one of unconvincing service.

Roosevelt's ill-luck is the bears' salvation.

"What a convincing speech the District-Attorney made!"
"Yes, it will probably carry conviction."

The Mollusk drama seems to be a continuous performance.

There was a susceptible Sioux
Who strove a fair maiden to woo;
Said he: "Wed me, Sioux!"
And the act you'll ne'er rue,
For I'll vow to be faithful and true!"

"I hear there's a great falling off in real estate in this county."
"That's so. The mortgage seems to be about the only thing that hangs on."

"I asked him how I could improve my credit and he advised me to marry. Now how could he suppose that'd boom my credit?"
"Probably because no woman would be likely to marry you unless you were rich."

A Grand Rapids girl says she received one cent for church purposes from J. P. Morgan. That man doesn't seem to care how he spends his money.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY'S NEWS.

CUPID CARRIED A SHOTGUN.

While Bagging Partridge and Pheasants on Long Island a New York Young Man Bagged a Bride.

JOHN MONKS, JR., had left New York for a much-needed holiday. Hunting was not a pastime but a passion with him, and it was natural that when a moment of leisure presented itself he should journey as fast as steam could carry him to his splendid hunting-lodge and game preserve at North West, stocked with partridges, pheasants and all the other same birds native to Long Island.

A young man was not of a romantic nature. Indeed, he was the typical business man of New York. His days were filled with the routine of a downtown office and his nights with the glitter of Broadway.

John Monks, Jr., never took a vacation in the summer months. The dry heat of July, the oppressive sultriness of August found him making his daily down-town trip on the "L," with no thought of the more fortunate men who had run out to the seashore or up to the mountains for a breathing spell.

Indeed, when, no matter what his indifference, the temperature forced itself upon his attention, he could always ally his discomfort of clinging clothes with a willed collar by recollections of his last year's tramp over the Long Island estate in the crisp, invigorating November winds.

Hot weather was hot weather, and though tempered by occasional breezes of autumn, the atmosphere of the mountains was a time for endurance, not enjoyment. He had never run away from a rising thermometer, for that, he thought, would only encourage it.

But when November came and the vacations of his business associates were but pleasant memories, he quietly packed his grip, and taking an evening train from New York, found himself at his lodge in time for a good country dinner, and was up next morning at 5 with a rifle in his hand and a strange, new sparkle in his eyes.

Every day, with dog and gun, he sallied forth, and though he rarely failed to bring home a bag stuffed with game to the old Irish woman who kept house for him, he found his chief enjoyment in the long walks over the deeply wooded acres of the preserve.

John Monks had never been in love. He thought he never would be. He had concluded that one was born with a talent for sentiment as one was with a taste for mathematics or electricity. Personally he did not think much of his capacity in any of the three directions.

But one evening when twilight had fallen and the heavily burdened game-bag seemed to be a dead weight against his side it occurred to him that instead of returning over the four long miles to his home he would walk on to the Hunting House, at East Hampton, and spend the night there.

Within a few moments after forming the resolution he had reached the house-

pitable doors of the inn. In its doorway, a woman was standing.

She was young, straight, slenderly strong, and as the eyes of the tired huntsman rested upon her his mind turned suddenly from the thoughts of the broiled supper which had been tantalizing his appetite for the last mile and occupied themselves with an appreciative contemplation of her beauty.

Tall, blonde, with a freshness about her maiden presence that was like the flower-drenched breeze of a mountain breeze, the young girl met his eyes squarely and turned almost immediately into the house.

He did not see her again that evening. As a matter of fact, he did not think about her until almost as he was dropping off to sleep for he had given himself over completely to the physical enjoyment of a well-cooked meal and the later delight of stretching his weary limbs before an open fire.

When the girl recurred to his mind he told himself with what he thought was dispassionate judgment, that she was the most beautiful creature that he had ever seen, and that as a mere matter of curiosity, as he might acquire the name of a new species of bird or an unfamiliar variety of hare, he would ascertain her name on the morrow. Then, strangely enough, some forgotten cadence of a verse he had once admired came to him, and he said softly to himself:

"As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I turn and the glances of my friends; When the days of my freedom are numbered, and the life of the bachelor ends."

He strayed in unmeaningly that night. But the next week found him making daily trips to the Hunting House at East Hampton. And as the day passed the inexperienced Nimrod could not help admitting to himself that instead of being a mere episode at the end of the day his visit there was the one event on which every morning he depended.

The girl, whom he had discovered was the daughter of Mrs. Charles Parsons, proprietor of the hotel, accepted his admiration frankly, and even seemed to take undisguised pleasure in it. She had always felt that she would have a city lover and young Mrs. Parsons, daughter of the creature of her girlish day dreams, as nearly as a real man ever does the unreal beings of a young woman's imaginings.

Within a month of their first meeting they became engaged. The young girl wished to keep their betrothal secret, for awhile, but in a moment of enthusiasm confided it to a friend.

It was this friend who made public yesterday the details of this true romance of John Monks, Jr., eldest son of Commissioner John Monks, of New York, and Miss Alice Parsons, daughter of Mrs. Charles D. Parsons, proprietor of the Hunting Lodge at East Hampton, Long Island.